

The Saturday Evening Post.

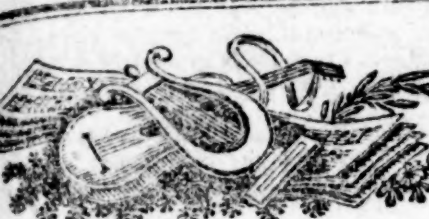
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ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEATH.

Can you, O Death, the power of Death?
Can you hold the fluttering breath?
Can you hold the King,
Or your honours break his sting?
Can you weary his weary days,
Or defraud his mother's clay?
Never!—all the wealth you have,
Cannot keep you from the grave!
Honours cannot guard your heart,
From the prison of his fate!
Nor can beauty's fairest bloom,
Save you from the moldering tomb!

Riches—could abundant wealth,
Purchases never-ending health,
Grievous never had been death,
Nor Lucretia's last breath!
Honours—could they break his sting,
Could they have soothed the king,
Alexander ne'er had died,
Nor the Thebans lost their pride!
Beauty—could the fairest give,
To its owner power to live;
From the grave's corrupting arms,
Helen had withstood her charms!
All united never can,
From pale death deliver man.
Hear the pensive peasant cry,
"All mankind is born to die!"

You have seen the setting sun,
Through the western sky go down;
In the moon you've seen it rise
Brilliant in the eastern skies.
So to virtue it is given,
To assert its native heaven;
Welcome death, and sink to rest,
Calmly on the Saviour's breast;
Rise again and soar away,
In eternity of day.

You have mark'd old winter's reign:
Desolation swept the plain;
You have seen the spring resume,
Zephyr's breath, and robes of bloom.
Thus the blasts of death may blow,
And the bloom of life bring low;
But the virtuous need not fear,
Brighter joys through death appear,
Thy shall that on hallowed wing,
In eternity of spring.

ALONZO.

RESIGNATION.

"What cannot resignation do?
She wonders can perfumery."
Fain would I say "fancy wake again,
Visions of joy, that could not last."
Fain would she tune the magic strain
Once more, to pleasure past,
And paint them bright as summer flowers,
As sweet as bloom'd in childhood's hours.

Thou' childhood's hour of cloudless bliss,
The brightest roses may adorn,
The hour must come—we cannot miss
The brier and the thorn:
And hope will then be like the ray,
Scarce half illumining winter's day.

Al! I have heard (in accents wild),
A voice, my wounded spirit broke:
"Thou art my own, my chosen child—
Thy was not a self that spoke!"
She bade me love the woes she brought,
Shun fleeting joys, and pleading thought.

"For vain is joy's delusive lure;
Few are the pleasures left for thee:
Thy happiness is like the storm
That howls through leaden trees.
Thou' art the pang of *fig-leaf's* stain,
And *fig-leaf's* broken chain."

The vision fled—yet once again,
Calm resignation's soothing voice,
Address'd the hard in soldier's strain:
"Oh! make my bow thy choice:
The purest blessings round it shine,
Where countless joys may still be thine."

"As evening's hush, burn'd light,
Still hovers o'er the day's decline,
Thou' rapture fade—some joys are bright,
Shall glid that heart of thine;
And o'er thy soul their heavenly way
Shall keep, till feeling fades away."

Oh! yes, there are some gleams of bliss,
That on thy dark'd night break
With more transcendent loveliness,
Than fancy dares to make;
For sweeter far than pleasure's wiles,
Are resignation's placid smiles.

May 25, 1825.

And even when the "day-god's" set,
And lights no more the sparkling tide,
Light up with lustre lovelier yet,
The halls that mock man's works of pride;
Thou' there, my friend, I might dwell
In splendour passing words to prove—
Thou' adverse fortune, need I tell?
I'd choose to pass with thee, my love.

There's more of bliss in that dear thought,
Thy soul is firmly knit with mine
In bonds of truest love, than ought
I'd meet in worlds where glories shine.

And "feeling's" simple "wild flower wreath,"
Thy smile around my soul can bind;
And thy loved voice for me can breathe
The clearest music—that of mind!

Then, therefore, wherefore, need I seek
For aught of beauty, song, or bliss?
Since but to see thee, hear thee speak,
Is light—life—music—happiness! ROSA.

THE MORALIST.

Isocrates, an Athenian, thus addressed a young man:—"Act towards your parents, as you would that your children should one day act towards you.—In your most secret actions suppose that you have all the world for witnesses. Do not flatter yourself that reprehensible actions can remain in obscurity, you may perhaps conceal them from others, but never from yourself. Employ your leisure hours in listening to the conversation of the wise. Deliberate slowly, execute promptly. Comfort distressed virtue; liberality, well applied, constitutes the treasury of the worthy man. When you shall be invested with some important office, never employ bad men; when you quit it, let it be with glory rather than with wealth."

"In the spring of life, when reason and experience are necessarily confined, almost every object rises clothed in vivid hues: earth appears a paradise, and its inhabitants little short of perfection; alas! as the man advances, as he becomes acquainted with his fellow man, how are all these splendid visions scattered on the winds! he beholds passions the most baneful, devastate this beautiful globe, and witnesses, with horror and dismay, its wretched inhabitants immolate each other on the altars of avarice and ambition. Starting from the dream of youth, he turns disgusted from the loathsome scene; perhaps retires to commune with himself, to pause upon the lot of mortality."

To this important crisis, many of the characters which adorn or blot the records of humanity, owe their origin.—He, who can call religion and literature to his aid, will pass along the road of life in ease and comfort, and alone employed in this, in accelerating the powers of intellect, and in meliorating the condition of his species. From the crimes and follies of mankind, from the annals of blood, and the orgies of voluptuousness, this man flies to no unprofitable solitude; here will he trace the finger of the Deity, and here, amidst the pursuits of science, the charms of music, and the pleasures of poetry, with simplicity of heart, and energy of genius, will adore the God who gave them."

CHURCH YARD IN WALES.

I walked alone to a church yard, and was struck with the remarkable custom that prevails over North Wales, of planting the graves of departed friends with various evergreens, and all the choicest gifts of Flora's hand. The snow drop, violet, and primrose, harbingers of spring, denote the infant dust; the rocket rose, and woodbine, shew maturer years; while tansy, rue, and star-wort, mark declining life; each has its little evergreen, fond emblem of that perennial state where change is known no more. They are graciously wedded and cherished by the hands of their nearest friends, who appropriate every Sunday afternoon for this amiable weakness, or rather, pious remembrance of departed worth. Observing a young person, whose beauty and profound attention would have attracted one less curious than myself, I approached her with respect, she turned her head, and shewed a beautiful countenance, still more interesting from grief. The tears trickled down her cheeks, and with a voice that rebuked my intrusion, she said, "I come here, sir, every Saturday, to pluck these weeds, and to weep over a dear and only brother, but he was too good to remain here." After an interval of silence that I could not have broken, she added, "I don't know whether I am wrong, but I frequently pray that my dear brother may flourish in Paradise, as this rose on his grave. I am told I ought not to pray for the dead, but I find my heart better after it, and I feel a stronger desire to be holy, that I may be the sooner fit to go to him." My sympathy was strongly affected, and the piety of the sentiment disarmed me of all power to demonstrate the fallacy of the doctrine.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MAY-DAY (A FRAGMENT.)

Nature was in one of her most pleasant moods, the tears of night show through sunny smiles, and her voice murmured gently in the winding brook, or echoed lightly, the more harmonious warbling of the birds, as they bounded gaily from spray to spray, in all the sportiveness of unrestrained liberty. It was May-day, and the choice little party who had long devoted that day to amusement, assembled early at the appointed place of meeting, while a merry countenance and elastic step, proved tell-tales of many a joyful heart. Alas! how often do we see the rose of life blighted in its sweetest bloom! they departed, but the cheek that innocent ruddy flushed, was doomed soon to be blanched—the eye that it brightened, soon to shed an unceasing lustre.

They had chosen a pretty romantic spot on the opposite margin of the Susquehanna river, where an ancient unoccupied habitation, which, (like many a predecessor,) had grown weary in the "march of Time," was gradually sinking to decay. The little company had already embarked for the place of destination, the light song had been wafted far on the breeze, and died in a faint echo, and their merry voices were blending in delightful harmony with the cadence of the deep, when the demon of the waters, as if in pride of his power, ceased the placid smile he had deceitfully worn, and frowned darkly and terribly on those who had trusted to his smile, and were reclining in confidence on his bosom. The sudden approach of a tempest was easily discerned by the little crew, yet in the conviction of reaching the landing place be-

fore its arrival, they kept fearlessly on their course, while every sail was spread by the unskillful mariners to the wind; but man cannot rule the storms, nor contend in safety with the foaming element. The sky as if unwilling to face the waters in their growing perturbation, drew a mantle of the deepest shade hastily over its bosom, the thunder rolled its deafening power—the winds raved in their wild phrensy, and the boat whirling suddenly and rapidly round, upset, while the flashing lightning penetrated the waters, and lit the passage to a watery tomb.

The brow of Nature was once more calm—the clouds passed over—the thunder and lightning withdrew their terrors, and the waves grew mild; but the wind continues to sigh a plaintive requiem over their tomb, as if ever repentant for that day's cruel, fearful deed.

June 15th, 1825. IDA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

5TH LETTER OF OMICRON.

If my gentle readers have not forgotten the account I gave them in a former letter, of a terrible disaster which befel a young lady at my Aunt Barbara's tea party, I will proceed to remark that this singular event produced a deep impression on our Dutch visitor, the *Heer Rosenboom*. My nephew had given him a full and satisfactory explanation of the pains our young damsels take to beautify themselves by extravagant modes of dressing. Our guest seemed immersed in profound thought during several days afterwards, and regularly retired to his study after breakfast, where he remained invisible for several hours. At length, one day, after a very slow and solemn step heard in the entry, and three deep toned knocks on my room door, who should enter but Mr. Klaas, in proper person, clad in his dressing gown, and with a seemly cotton night cap drawn snugly on his head. In his hand he held a roll of papers, which he graciously deposited on my desk, and having given me a most sagacious look, followed by a profound bow, he retired with the same silent dignity he entered. Surprised out of my self-possession, I gazed after my singular visitor until he had fairly closed the door, almost mistrusting the evidence of my own senses, as to the reality of his visit.

I certainly expected that the roll of paper would explain the mystery, and eagerly spread it before me for perusal—but, how grievously was my impatience rebuked, by finding it headed in staring black letter—

"Van die Vrouwen."

followed by a body of close text, in the same language.

I waited (need I say impatiently?) for the return of Oscar, who seemed as if he staid out on purpose to worry me—and when the young dog did return, it was with difficulty I could get him to be silent long enough for me to signify my wishes, he having as usual been "seeing every thing."

On this occasion, most compassionate reader, I was doomed to be tried to the utmost, for after silently examining the papers for a moment, he turned on his heel, and still intently poring over the manuscript, unconsciously walked out of the room, leaving me staring with astonishment, until the slamming and locking of his room door, awoke me to the certainty of his disappearance.

My irritability-warrior at its acme, and I remained with my eyes fixed, and staring at the door, when *Simon* entered with my tea and toast, which I always take alone when Aunt Barbara is absent—seeing me sitting motionless in my chair, and my countenance much disturbed, the old man eagerly advanced to inquire how I felt. Now *Simon* is one of those unaccountably old fashioned bipeds, who cannot do half a dozen things at once, so in his anxiety for my welfare he forgot to look where he was depositing the tea tray, and let go of it when it wanted about three inches of being on the stand at my side. Need I tell the consequences? or describe the *exquisite* sensations produced on my gouty feet by the scalding water, or the lesser misery of seeing Mr. Klaas's fat puddle dog munching my toast with great relish, while the butter streamed therefrom on my Wilton carpet—but enough, I saw it was vain to be vexed, so I made some excuse to *Simon*—bade him clear the wreck—and resolved in future to guard against all impatient feelings, by minding my own business. Next morning, Oscar gave me the translation of our philosophical friend's manuscript, which had interested him very much, and he had already read it over to Aunt Barbara, who insisted that I should forthwith send to the Saturday Evening Post, as she wished of all things to get a copy of it in print.

Shall I confess that I was rather pleased at her suggestion, and wondered how my old friends and readers would receive me, after so long an absence? The curiosity excited by this idea, induced me to resolve on the experiment—think well, then, oh! reader, on the reception thou bestowest—perhaps, if thou shouldst frown, I may—but no, no—I see thou art already smiling with satisfaction, and hast "inward fits" of fun, at the bare idea of seeing thy beloved Barnabas once more abroad!

It is to be remembered that Mr. Rosenboom is of middle age, and very profoundly learned in books, having spent a great part of his life in a University, and of course has many laughable whims and prejudices, though these are of very little consequence when weighed against his amiable and philosophical disposition, his elevated views of important subjects, his excellent character, and the unoffending yet dignified simplicity of his manners. He has long ago gained the esteem of all our household, not excepting Aunt Barbara, whose prejudices against him as a *Dutchman*, were

all dissipated by discovering that he reads and speaks *Italian*, and has heretofore resided two whole years in Tuscany. His paper is addressed to "the ladies," according to Oscar's translation, though he says that Klaas actually uses the homely phrase, "to the women," in the original, because, thinking as a philosopher, he deems the latter a more honorable appellation.

[TRANSLATION.]

TO THE LADIES.

What is there that can compensate for loss of health, and that quiet of heart which is always its concomitant in the youthful and innocent? what is there that charms like cheerfulness, a habit in the day spring of youth, fair what beauties are comparable with those which result from the naturally graceful movements of unconstrained limbs, when the bosom is thrilling with the emotions proper to the period of adolescence, and the heart is eager to fix on some object capable of exclusively occupying it, and worthy of all its enthusiasm—will not all mankind respond to my queries, that there is nothing more valuable than these blessings—and will not all equally acknowledge that the beauties we have named are the most beautiful? yet I perceive with affliction of mind, that the practice of our fair sisters shows that their belief has little influence on their conduct.

After much reflection, I have thought it might possibly be useful to expostulate on this subject with my fair friends, relative to some of the evils of a mode of dressing too common in this country, which as it enjoys so much freedom in other respects, I had hoped free from so bad a fashion. In order to conduct this investigation with a proper attention to the importance of the subject, my inquiries have been extensive and various, and the melancholy truth is forced on me, that the destructive practice of *high living* is exceedingly prevalent. Not only has it the countenance of the rich and the gay, the polished and the fashionable, but it is even invading the lower classes of society. (Be assured that I speak the truth, eye mine own eyes have seen a *cook maid* unable to lift a kettle from the fire, until she had first loosed her corsets, and removed therefrom a certain bar of iron, to me as incomprehensible as to the purpose it could serve.) What is the most astonishing, this custom is always justified by those who are unfortunately in the habit of it, as an attempt to improve their forms by violence, for the construction of which they are not accountable, instead of cultivating their nobler faculties of mind, for the excellence or defectiveness of which they will have so much to answer! My friend has told me that at one time, even *men* outraged common sense so far as to put on such ridiculous harness, and that even at this time the daughters of *clergymen*, who preach weekly against *pride* and *vanity*, use this preposterous fashion. But my friend Oscar is a *severely* and *fashionable* disposition, and most probably has told me this of mere jest! (Klaas may be seriously certain that this is the fact, I will not, however, say that *men* ever wore such things, but I will take him to church on Sunday, and show our parson's daughters in proof of the latter part of his doubt, *Oscar*.) I sought for the reason of this peculiar extravagance, and was told that it was used as a preventive of *weakness* in the backs of some ladies; verily it may be questioned, whether the *weakness* be not actually in the *heads* of such persons. But granting this weakness of back to have been the cause, how can the tight lacing prove of service? The trunk of the body is held erect by the muscles, or flesh and these natural instruments derive their strength from the regularity and frequency with which they are exercised.—If a friend be weak, we do not bid him lie in bed and avoid motion, but we encourage him gradually to stir about and grow stronger.—By applying tight bandages to a delicate body, we constrain it, and throw the natural supports into disuse; and the more we attempt to supply their want of power by external compression, the more do we disable them. But this is not the worst, we cannot brace the body to support the back, without compressing the lower part of the chest which is flexible; and if this be compressed, we immediately injure the lungs, stomach and liver, forcing them out of their proper places, and impeding the circulation of the blood. The evils flowing from this source are of great magnitude; debility of body from want of digestion, exercise and air, is speedily followed by imbecility of mind, and consumption and death are not far in the distance."

Here I found myself obliged to cut short my learned friend's philippic against *corsets*, because I fear some of your fair readers would be too much provoked by his plainness, and others would be angry at him for being too particular, and apparently personal; though, heaven knows, he is perfectly innocent of any intention to offend. He enters largely into all the moral, political and religious motives, that should lead to their rejection; he reasons, demonstrates, expostulates and deplores. In one place he breaks out in great eloquence on "the wickedness and thoughtlessness of those who in seeking to win the approbation of men, and desirous of entering into the holy state of matrimony, do prepare themselves by this foolish habit, to transmit deformity of body and imbecility of mind to their offspring"—but it is evident that Mr. Klaas labours in vain, as he appeals only to common sense, and is guided by mere philosophy and philanthropy. Any thing would do better than this; if he would invent a new religion—a new social system, or do any other out-of-the-way exploit—he might obtain proselytes; but to preach *ladies* out of their inalienable right to squeeze their *own* waists to any degree, and to inflict any sort of suffering on posterity, is not to be endured, and he need not expect to find supporters, or even hearers. As relates to parson's daughters, I know not what to say—if they set examples, of course they will be imitated; we are very little ashamed, you know of indulging in the lusts of the flesh—the pride of the eye, &c. when we hear their fathers preaching against them out of a velvet cushioned and draped pulpit, themselves dressed in silk robes, gloves, &c.—However, "things must be as they may." I shall ere

long send you something more agreeable than the philosophy of squeezing the life out, to improve one's looks.

Yours, as heretofore,

B. OMICRON.

THE VISION OF CLEANTHE.

A FRAGMENT—SELECTED.

Just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, after a day in the autumnal season, the young and beautiful Cleanthe strayed into a thick forest, that reared its awful and beautiful shade behind the stately castle of the Baron her father. The serenity of the evening—the plaintive cooing of the dove—and the distant murmurs of a water-fall, joined with the tender recollection of an absent lover, conspired to lull her into that pleasing train of ideas, when the mind, abstracted from sensible objects, loses itself in distant and visionary pursuits! She was roused from this reverie by the sweet and melodious sounds of a flute, which at first swelled into the most sublime and elevated strains, and then, gradually dying away, was succeeded by a deep silence—and not a leaf was stirring to intercept the solemn repose! The moon was rising, and cast a shadowy whiteness over the leafy umbrage which sheltered her. She started! and gazing round, perceived with terror, she had wandered out of her knowledge, and of the various paths which presented themselves, and totally at a loss to conjecture which would lead her to the peaceful parental asylum she had unwarily quitted. In the midst of this perplexity her ears were assailed by the most mournful and piercing shrieks—a thick cloud covered the moon, out of which darted incessant flashes of lightning—the trees shook without wind—and the howling of savage beasts resounded on every side! A mortal pale gleamed over the cheek of Cleanthe, her limbs trembled, a cold damp bedewed her face, and she sunk motionless on the ground. From this trance she was awakened by the clashing of swords, and saw approaching her, two knights richly caparisoned, engaged in a fierce and desperate combat, but—collecting her strength, she arose, and winged by fear, rushed precipitately into the thickest part of the forest, and crying at some distance a glimmering light, like that of a lamp, ran towards it with mingled hope and apprehension!—As she advanced she found it proceeded from the ruins of an ancient Abbey: she entered it trembling! and walking up a long aisle, at the end of which the light seemed suspended, she saw at the foot of an altar, half destroyed by time, a woman spread on the floor, who appeared as if expiring, with eyes fixed, and features pale and ghastly: a stream of blood issued from her bosom, and her hand convulsively grasped a rusty poniard! The timid Cleanthe, struck with amazement, gazed with unutterable anguish, unable to move either to assist, or fly from the miserable wretch extended before her. At length, opening her eyes and fixing them on Cleanthe, "whoever thou art (said she, in a sullen and hollow voice), behold in me the fatal effects of heedlessness, vice, and criminal despair." She ceased—and in convulsive pangs breathed her last!—No sooner had the guilty soul forsaken its tenement, than the light was extinguished—the earth trembled and shook, and loud peals of thunder, mixed with a noise like the roaring of cataclysms, totally overwhelmed the spirits of the terrified maid, who screamed aloud, and sunk lifeless on the ground.—But how great was her astonishment, when, after a few minutes, returning to life and recollection, she found herself in the most delicious garden, surrounded with all that could charm and delight sense! The sun shone resplendently and gleamed every object with his animating beams, the fervor of which was tempered by cool and refreshing breezes, loaded with fragrant and odoriferous odours.—All Arabia breathed in the gale! Groves of orange and myrtle, interspersed with thickets of roses, and beds of violets, flowers of every variegated scent and hue, and trees bending with fruit of the most beautiful and vivid bloom, diversified the prospect. Soft music floated above, about, and underneath—every bower resounded with the voice of festivity, and all was pleasure, harmony, and love. The terrors which had lately agitated the mind of Cleanthe, the subdued agonies—her soul dissolved in softness: the roses were again flung over her cheek, and her eyes sparkled with hilarity and delight. She was rising to explore a scene so new and paradisaical, when she saw approaching her, crowned with intermingled roses and myrtle, the brave and beauteous Alcanhor (for whom her gentle bosom had long sighed in secret): his air breathed delight, while more than mortal beauty seemed to animate his form. He advanced, and kneeling at her feet, poured out vows of tenderness and ardour—then seizing her hand, conducted her to a temple sacred to the Loves and Graces. A train of young beauties crowded around, and with sylvan voices hailed her fairest of the throng. Her senses swam in pleasure—while half fainting she leaned on her beloved Alcanhor, a nymph, more lovely than the rest, quitting her companions, approached the enamoured pair, and presented a bowl of an intoxicating mixture: "Drink," said she, "and partake of immortal felicity, of bliss that knows no period, or satiety!" Her lover, snatching the bowl, drank deep its contents; and raising it to his lips, Cleanthe, who was about to taste, when a low and mournful voice sung in her ears—

"Farewell!—call to remembrance the ghastly figure, the pavement dyed with blood, the convulsive pangs, the dying groans! heedless she has already betrayed thee into danger—temptation is now plunging thee into vice—despair—death—destruction follow." It ceased. Cleanthe started, and dashed on the floor the fatal beverage: a loud shriek followed, and was succeeded by a hideous crash, and the whole vision faded away. Cleanthe looked round, and beheld the moon and stars glittering over her head, the waving foliage of the forest at the back of her father's castle, and the welcome portico of his hospitable mansion. She rushed in, and in the soothing of parental affection, sought consolation and repose for her troubled and agitated spirit.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FRONTIER TALE.

"How unsupportably tedious has this day appeared!—and now the sun is at last setting, and they have not returned!" exclaimed Maria Donaldson, as she anxiously gazed down the winding road that led through the village of Monhegan.

"Heaven grant they may return in safety!" responded a venerable old man—a heavy sigh succeeded the ejaculation, accompanied by a silent prayer for the safety of his children.—They were the staff of his age—he had been the father of a numerous offspring, but only

three remained to be the comfort of his declining years.

At the time of the events I am about to relate, his two sons (the eldest of whom was the husband of Maria), were absent on an expedition amongst the Indians.

Some young men belonging to the settlement, had been murdered by them with accompanying circumstances of even unusual barbarity. The rage excited by the sight of the mangled bodies was universal—every person in the neighborhood, capable of bearing arms, had united in order to inflict due punishment on the perpetrators of a deed dreadful in itself, and which they considered but as a prelude to future horrors.

It was during the struggle of the Revolution, when the frontier was kept in a state of continual hostility and disturbance, from the incursions of the savages, and the settlement of Monhegan, although nearly surrounded by them, had remained in peace and unmolested until the above mentioned circumstance occurred. Although connected with them by no ties but those of friendship, Richard and William Donaldson, were among the first to avenge the fate of the unhappy sufferers.

Already one lingering night had elapsed since their departure, and a second time their anxious relatives saw the last rays of the sun tinge the utmost boughs of the lofty forest that skirted the extremity of the village, without beholding their wished return. Maria, with a sigh, resented herself to watch the peaceful slumbers of her infant, and the uneasiness of suspense spread a general silence over the apartment. The usual avocations of the evening were neglected, or pursued with an air of carelessness and disturbance that plainly denoted some interruption of the general order of the family.

As the dusky shadows of evening began to steal around, their disquietude increased.—Long since they had expected them to return, and their impatience grew stronger, each moment of delay. Their fears heightened into terror; and busy fancy portrayed the bleeding forms of those dearest objects of their affection, trampled lifeless to the earth, or perhaps writhing in agony, and casting a last dying glance towards a once peaceful home. A thousand phantoms of horror rose to torment them—if their friends were defeated, the savage enemy rendered more ferocious by victory, would rush to the destruction of their habitations. Plans, massacre, and butchery, presented themselves in a frightful array before a terrified imagination. Already the tomahawk seemed to be lifted over them, and the awful cries of the savages to ring in their ears. The uneasiness of suspense gave way to the lamentations of terror—the tears of Maria moistened the face of her sleeping infant, while the weeping mother and sister hung round the unhappy parent, seeming to demand that consolation which, when offered, was incapable of affording any comfort. Often, in the impatient joy of hope, had they started to the door at the imaginary tramp of horses caught their attention, and gazed with palpitating hearts, at some object seen obscurely through the surrounding gloom, which they fondly imagined to be their returning friends, till, when sadly undeceived, their spirits would sink still lower in proportion to their temporary elevation. Hope had so often deceived them, that they refused to listen any longer to her dictates, and sat immersed in gloomy despondency, when suddenly a shout of joy rang through the village, and cries of, "They are coming! they are coming!" were echoed from every mouth. The Donaldsons sprang to the door—the noise was hushed, for all was listening in breathless silence, and the tread of horses was distinctly heard approaching the village—they gazed in trembling attention towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and in a few moments about a dozen horsemen were seen galloping towards them.—

"They are safe, they are safe! and all our danger is over!" exclaimed Maria, and at the same instant two of the party dismounted themselves from the saddle and rushed into the embraces of the happy inmates of the cottage.

"Where have you been; and what has detained you so long?" was eagerly demanded when joy gave freedom to utterance. The tale was short—they had encountered a party of Indians, answering the description they had received of the delinquents, and proved victorious—the savages had wildly fled before them, but thinking it probable they would reassemble, and endeavor to obtain revenge by attacking the habitations of their converts, they had scourred the country for a considerable distance, in order to discover their place of rendezvous, and defeat their purposes.—"But our fears were groundless," added Richard, at the end of his narration—"for we had driven them beyond the reach of doing us injury; for this night at least, we may rest in safety, and to-morrow, should danger threaten, we will seek the protection of some friendly fort."

"All danger seems to have vanished now that you have returned," said Maria, fondly putting her infant which had awakened from its nap into his arms. He imprinted a tender kiss on its dimpled cheek, and a warmer one on the lips of its mother—they were allowed to be the handsomest couple in the village—certainly there were none happier or more amiable.

The evening passed in desultory conversation, and at an early hour they retired to rest, unconscious of the danger that was hovering over them. A large body of savages, breathing rage and revenge, were silently assembling in the forest of Monhegan; concealing themselves amid the thick brush-wood, they lay impatiently waiting the signal for the slaughter to commence. The moon which had long been struggling with the gathering clouds of an October evening, at length sunk beneath the horizon, and wrapped the scene in total darkness—when proved the harbinger of an endless night to many who had but a little while before retired to their pillows with light hearts and minds full of the happiness which the future presented to their view. With noiseless steps, the Indians surrounded the dwellings of their unhappy victims—fire brands were lighted, and at the same instant that the scalp yell rang through the air, startling the wretched villagers from their slumbers, the doors were burst open, and the massacre commenced. All was confusion and darkness, save where the flames that already shot upwards from the well dried stack of hay or grain, shed a fitful light over the horror of the scene. Those whom the suddenness of the assault and their extreme consternation, had not deprived of the power of using their weapons, were selected as the first victims, and where the flash of fire arms was seen, it only served to guide a surer blow; but the number of the white men was scarcely one third in proportion to that of their enemies, and resistance was vain. Some throwing down their useless weapons, endeavored

to escape from their dwellings, (which being mostly constructed of wood, were now in flames) and find safety in flight: but within or without, they were alike doomed to destruction: if they reached the door, they were instantly felled to the ground, or driven back to the flames.

The dwelling of the Donaldsons, being built of stone, had somewhat longer resisted the fury of the attack. At the first wild yell they had started in bewildered terror from their beds, and the shrieks of the terrified females were heard even above the shouts of the savages. In frantic consternation they clung wildly to each other, resolved to perish together; destruction seemed inevitable, for on every side of the building, was re-echoed the awful war-cry of the assassins. Richard convulsively clasped his wife to his throbbing bosom in silent agony, while William vainly endeavored to cheer his parents and sister.

A loud crash was heard, and a bright red glare of light illumined the outer apartment. "They have burst the door!" exclaimed Maria, sinking almost senseless on the bosom of her husband. "Fly! fly! endeavor to escape yourselves and escape!" cried the young men, seizing their muskets, and almost forcing them to obey: as a second crash announced that the last barrier had given way—at the same moment five or six savages sprang into the room; and ere the intrepid youths could point their weapons, their venerable parent was stretched lifeless at their feet: but instantly the glittering tubes were raised at the breast of his murderer, and he fell beside his victim. Still more exasperated, the savages attacked them with redoubled fury, and though they defended themselves for several moments, they were eventually overpowered. William had fallen, and Richard was just sinking mortally wounded, beneath the arm of the chief, when Maria sprang frantically forward—"Spare him! spare him! spare my infant!" she cried, as she knelt before the conqueror, and hung wildly over the now lifeless form of her consort, till she sunk senseless on his bleeding bosom. Her youth, her beauty, her agony, awakened compassion even in the breast of the savage: the hatchet was uplifted over her, but he forbore to strike—he looked towards the slain—"I am revenged," said he, "and I will spare!" He gazed one moment at Maria, with a countenance somewhat softened by pity, then raising her, made his warriors convey her out of the dwelling.

The carnage had now ceased, and they proceeded to drag the corpses from the flames in order to obtain their scalps—the horrid task was soon accomplished—their plunder and their few prisoners were collected, and they commenced their retreat from the scene of massacre, with loud yells of victory.

Maria now awoke from her trance, and gazed wildly round her, as she confused recollection of the events of the evening crowded on her burning brain. Her own, and the neighboring dwellings and out houses were enveloped in flames, and shed a broad blood-red glare on the cloudy heavens. The shrieks, the groans, that had so long rung in her ears were hushed; but the shouts of triumph were incessantly repeated, and the cold blast whistled shrilly through the forest, and added fury to the raging flames. Again she turned and a slight motion of her eye that almost stupefied her into insensibility—brought her—nearly at her feet, by pale and bleeding, the bodies of her friends and her husband! she closed her eyes with a convulsive shudder, but spoke not. While in this wretched state, the rain began copiously to fall, wetting the dishevelled hair that rested on the face of her infant; still she heard not—she felt not—all was chaos within, and when once the morning rose in renovated splendour, the lovely, the unfortunate Maria Donaldson, was no more. EMILY.

CHOICE PERCEVALS.

BY PERCEVAL.

Dear moments of childhood! how sweetly ye smile,
As I gaze on the vista of years that are gone;
Ye smile in your innocent loveliness, while
In the dawn of life we are hastening on.

O, could I return to your beautiful prime,
When ye shone like the morn of a clear summer day,
And my spirit ne'er thought how the footsteps of time,
Like the flight of an eagle, were hastening away.

O, could I return to those innocent hours,
When my heart knew no sorrow, that fled not
As the soft dew of April that fall upon flowers,
And vanish at once in the bright air of noon.

O then, I might taste of the silent delight,
That beams in the eye of an infant, and flows
As peacefully on as the dove in her flight,
Or the dew stealing out of the cup of a rose.

O then I might lay all my sorrows at rest,
And be calm as the first whisper'd zephyrs of spring,
When it comes on the pinions of down from the west,
And shakes the soft fragrance of May from its wing.

O then might I know what it is to be free
From the burden that presses a heart to the grave,
Might I know the feeling of brightness and gladness,
The first look of love and gentleness gave.

But no—I have passed from the fresh blooming shore,
Where life gathers round it its verdure and flowers;
I can fondly look backward—but ah! never more
Can I taste of your sweetest, ye innocent hours!

Then whither—ah whither escape from the night
Which darkens my soul, and the further I go?
Look out from the gloom, some benevolent light
Like a star on a traveller, who wanders below.

A light is now breaking—it comes from above,
Still clearer and purer than life's early dawn,
It descends with the motionless flight of a dove,
And guides me in safety and cheerfulness on.

Then let me not turn to the innocent hours
Of childhood, when brighter hours wait me before;
There are thorns in life's earliest and tenderest flowers,
But yonder are flowers that shall sting me no more.

BY MOORE.

She sang of Love—while o'er her hair
The roses of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembled shell.

The same rich light shone in her eyes,
And 'midst those lips that sweetly spoke,
And spoke as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rose lay from heaven's withered;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The mistle's form seemed fading too.

As if her light and love were gone,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering eye the tone,
As from a parting spirit came.

Who ever lov'd but had the thought
That he and all he lov'd must part?
Faded with this fear, I flew and sought
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?"
O, right of youth's responsive day,
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?

PARISHIAN FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Walking Dress.—Dress of white tulle, over white satin; the bottom of the skirt is finished by a broad satin rouleau, above which is a trimming, composed of satin folds arranged in the form of leaves, and this is surmounted by a very full ruche of tulle. The corsage, plain and tight to the shape, is finished round the bust with a ruche of tulle; and the sleeves, very short and full, have also a ruche of the same material, arranged as a drapery. A sash of white satin, tied behind in a bow and ends, the hair is arranged in braids and bows; a bandeau of pearls is brought very low on the forehead, and above it interspersed among the bows of hair, are placed single roses, with their foliage, and ripe and green ears of corn. Necklaces, etc. etc. pearls. White satin sandals. White kid gloves. Carved cedar fan.

engigot, but not very wide, and finished by six bands. Large pelering, bordered with a trimming to correspond with the skirt. Sash of rice straw; the brim is of a moderate size, and finished with a fall of blond at the edge, and a crown, somewhat high, is trimmed with a rich shaded ribbon, and a garland of white kid shoes. Violet kid gloves.

Dinner Dress.—A shaded Bareges dress; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with a bouillonne of the same, divided into compartments by satin ornaments, of a colour corresponding with the darkest shade in the dress, the body cut low and square round the bust, is finished by a satin rouleau. Long sleeve, en blouse, confined to the wrist by bracelets of dead gold, fastened on the side by a gold buckle. A white gauze turban, wreathed with gold chain and earrings a mixture of gold and sapphires.—White gros de Naples slippers. White kid gloves.

Evening Dress.—Dress of white tulle, over white satin; the bottom of the skirt is finished by a broad satin rouleau, above which is a trimming, composed of satin folds arranged in the form of leaves, and this is surmounted by a very full ruche of tulle. The corsage, plain and tight to the shape, is finished round the bust with a ruche of tulle; and the sleeves, very short and full, have also a ruche of the same material, arranged as a drapery. A sash of white satin, tied behind in a bow and ends, the hair is arranged in braids and bows; a bandeau of pearls is brought very low on the forehead, and above it interspersed among the bows of hair, are placed single roses, with their foliage, and ripe and green ears of corn. Necklaces, etc. etc. pearls. White satin sandals. White kid gloves. Carved cedar fan.

CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following may be considered as an accurate estimation of the population of the different states and territories of the United States, up to the present time.

MAINE. 299,916
Free Colored persons 830
Foreigners not naturalized 1,680
All other persons except Indians 66
not Taxed 24,487

NEW-HAMPSHIRE. 244,807
Free Colored persons 716
All other persons 139
not Taxed 52,328

MASSACHUSETTS. 674,000
Free Colored persons 128
All other persons except Indians 128
not Taxed 84,137

RHODE ISLAND. 45,437
Free Colored persons 44
All other persons except Indians 44
not Taxed 45

CONNECTICUT. 267,378
Free Colored persons 97
All other persons except Indians 100
not Taxed 23,579

VERMONT. 908
Free Colored persons 15
All other persons except Indians 15
not Taxed 137,281

NEW-YORK. 1,068,000
Free Colored persons 29,279
All other persons except Indians 701
not Taxed 277,373

NEW-JERSEY. 757,373
Free Colored persons 12,490
All other persons except Indians 149
not Taxed 104,942

PENNSYLVANIA. 302,020
Free Colored persons 205
All other persons except Indians 1951
not Taxed 747,500

DELAWARE. 43,000
Free Colored persons 12,939
All other persons except Indians 406,746
not Taxed 106,966

MARYLAND. 106,966
Free Colored persons 39,730
All other persons except Indians 106,966
not Taxed 425,153

VIRGINIA. 425,153
Free Colored persons 36,889
All other persons except Indians 250
not Taxed 63,882

NORTH CAROLINA. 203,017
Free Colored persons 14,606
All other persons except Indians 30,2741
not Taxed 25,8173

SOUTH CAROLINA. 68,200
Free Colored persons 35,383
All other persons except Indians 14,656
not Taxed 14,656

GEORGIA. 14,656
Free Colored persons 14,656
All other persons except Indians 4
not Taxed 127,901

ALABAMA. 41,879
Free Colored persons 371
All other persons except Indians 581,374
not Taxed 4,663

OHIO. 466,300
Free Colored persons 139
All other persons except Indians 563,237
not Taxed 12,672

KENTUCKY. 126,572
Free Colored persons 279
All other persons except Indians 182
not Taxed 42,213

TENNESSEE. 801,077
Free Colored persons 27,27
All other persons except Indians 52
not Taxed 75,448

MISSISSIPPI. 32,814
Free Colored persons 438
All other persons except Indians 13,3407
not Taxed 69,964

LOUISIANA. 104,676
Free Colored persons 49
All other persons except Indians 484
not Taxed 147,178

INDIANA. 190
Free Colored persons 1230
All other persons except Indians 53,211
not Taxed 917

ILLINOIS. 532,211
Free Colored persons 457
All other persons except Indians 49
not Taxed 10,222

MICHIGAN. 10,222
Free Colored persons 347
All other persons except Indians 29
not Taxed 8896

TERRITORY OF MICHIGAN. 174
Free Colored persons 131
All other persons except Indians 14246
not Taxed 1617

TERRITORY OF ARKANSAS. 39
Free Colored persons 18
All other persons except Indians 33039
not Taxed 6377

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. 4048
Free Colored persons 4048

THE MURDER OF MINTOSH.

The following is extracted from the letters of the wife and daughter of the late M. Mintosh, subsequent to the melancholy catastrophe. The first is from the wife addressed to the United States Commission.

"Gentlemen—When you see this letter stained with the blood of my husband, the last drop of which is now spilt for the friend, ship he has shown for your people, I know you will remember your pledge to us in behalf of your nation, that in the worst of events you would assist and protect us—and when I tell you that at daylight on Saturday morning, last, hundreds of the hostiles surrounded our house, and instantly murdered General M. Mintosh and some Tuskenuggee, by shooting

near one hundred balls into them (Chilly and Moody Rennard making their escape through a window); they then commenced burning and plundering in the most unprincipled way, and here I am, driven from the ashes of my smoking dwelling, left with nothing but my poor little naked hungry children, who need some immediate aid from our white friends; and we lean upon you while you lean upon your government."

She then details the murder, and states the facts in accordance with all public accounts given of that transaction.

The following is extracted from the letter of the daughter of M. Mintosh, the wife of Col. Hawkins, another of the victims:—

"The barbarous men, not content with spilling the blood of both my husband and father, to atone for their constant friendship to both your nation and our own, refused my hands the faithful privilege of covering his body up in the very ground which he lately defended against those hostile murderers, and drove me from my home, stripped of my two best friends in one day, of all my property, my provision, and my clothing; with a more painful reflection than all these, that the body of my poor murdered husband should remain unburied, to be devoured by the birds and the beasts. Was ever poor woman worse off than I?—I have this moment arrived among our white friends, who although they are very kind, have but little to bestow on me and my poor helpless infant, who must suffer before my aid can reach us from you. We are in a dreadful condition, and I don't think there will be one ear of corn made in this part of the nation, for the whole of the friendly party have fled to DeKalb and Fayette counties, too much alarmed to return to their homes to get a little grain of what corn they left for themselves and families to subsist on, much more to stay at home to make more; and we fear every day that what little provisions we left I make it worse, but how can that be, for it is worse of itself than any pen can write. My condition admits of no equal, and mocks me when I try to speak of it. After I was stripped of my last frock, my humanity, and duty called on me to pull it off and spread it over the body of my dead husband (which was allowed no other covering) which I did as a farewell witness of affection. I was 25 miles from any friend, but sister Catharine who was with me, and had to stay all night in the woods, surrounded by a thousand hostile Indians, who were constantly insulting and affrighting us. And now I am here with only one old coat to my back, and not a morsel of bread to save us from perishing, or a rag of blanket to cover my poor little boy from the sun at noon or the dew at night. I am a poor distracted orphan and widow."

After General Lafayette had been received by the municipal authorities at Buffalo, and returned a pertinent answer to the address of the president of the village, Mr. O. Forward, a large concourse of ladies and citizens had the pleasure of taking the veteran by the hand. This ceremony, (says the Buffalo Journal) was diversified by an entertaining introduction of the noted Seneca Chief, Red Jacket. At the celebration, which was held in the year 78, (at Fort Schuyler, now the village of Rome, in the county of Oneida) the characteristic observation of the native had marked the youthful and gallant Marquis Lafayette; and the ravages of 40 years, aided by wounds, disease, and the pestilential vapors of the dungeon of Olmutz, did not prevent his recognizing the Varus in our Nations' Guest. But it is more remarkable that the youthful orator of the Seneca Nation was still fresh in the General's recollection. Learning that Red Jacket was present at this treaty, he enquired what had become of the young Seneca who on the 10th of October, 1780, opposed the burial of the tomahawk. The Son of the Forest replied, in the peculiar phraseology of his native tongue—"He has the honor to stand before you!"

THE PROJECT OF INVITING THE JEWS TO THE UNITED STATES, says Noah's Advocate, has met with that liberal consideration and benevolent interest which may be considered the result of enlightened principles and free government. Happy and contented ourselves, we are desirous that others should participate in our national advantages. It is thus that the independence of the United States has led to the independence of the whole American continent, and may, in time, pave the way for the freedom of the world.

Notwithstanding every American will say to the Jews, "Come and live with us under our vine and fig tree; let us mingle in council and in charity; till the land; own the soil; encourage the primitive and noble employment of your ancestors. Let us respect each other's virtues, and obey the laws, not only in obedience to the mandates of our common Country, but of him who we worship, and who also was a Jew; notwithstanding they will say this and mean this, they still doubt, whether they would come—and why not? Will a nation of seven millions of people, and possessing wealth to an incalculable amount, enterprising and industrious, be content to submit to the "oppressor's wrongs," when there is a country ample in space and means, and willing to receive them? Will a nation who has improved and purchased protection for two thousand years, continue in abject submission, when they can protect themselves? The time has arrived when they should leave this country, and knowing it, should find an asylum in it. A little patience and it will appear, that a mere project of colonizing embraces more extensive and laudable views.

The Democratic Press, always liberal on points of religious faith, says:—

"Let us recollect that sound policy forbids our encouraging or recognizing the existence of different races and bodies of men in the Republic. Let us have no Jews, no Irish, no Dutch—let us have Americans. There is nothing mankind are so apt to lay hold of, as the jealousies and animosities natural to us, as any distinctive marks of colour, or race, or religion. Man is a Christian animal, and though it is impossible to bring people to the same level in morals, religion or intellect, yet let not political acts augment the difficulties which nature has placed in the way."

There can be no "political acts" calculated to create distinctions, as long as we respect the great charter of our liberties. Every man, whatever may be his religion, who respects under the panoply of our laws, and the sacred guarantee of our constitution, must be an American—he may be Irish, Dutch, Jew or Gentile, and enjoy his early impressions, and maintain his early habits, so long as he fulfills the purpose of government, he must be an American principle, policy, and the pursuit of happiness, will make him so. We have many Scotch, Irish, Dutch, Swiss, Welsh and French settlements in this country, all are free and happy; why should not the Jews be equally so?

The National Gazette thinks that the impotent attempts at evangelizing the Jews, would be to them in this country, equal to their oppression in the old world. Not at all; here they would try the force of argument in Europe they applied the force of the stake. A great saint of mine, who was one of the first settlers Georgia, under Gen. Oglethorpe, carried to the grave, the marks of the rope on her wrists, when put to the question in the Inquisition at Lisbon. She was a hard subject to convert.

Political disabilities—a disgraceful badge—prohibitory laws—severe taxation, and personal insult, are ungracious weapons at evangelizing. If reason, kindness and courtesy

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The brig Clio, Capt. Goodwin, from Smyrna, at Boston, has brought the following news, which was handed to him the day before he sailed, April 8th, by a merchant of that place.

"From our latest accounts, from the Morea, it appears that the Egyptian Expedition had effected a landing of 14,000 troops, and actions had occurred before the Navarino and Palamata, in which the Greeks had been successful, and had taken a great number of prisoners. The Greek fleet had sailed, and it was expected that an action between the two fleets would occur. A brig of war, and other vessels had been taken out by the advanced ships of the Greek squadron. Patras was closely besieged by land, and blockaded by sea. A French ship just arrived here had been ordered off, by the Greek squadron, and not allowed to enter. President Colotrani was there in person. Gen. Colotrani, and his party, suspected of treason, were closely confined at Hydra to wait their trial. The Samois have sent a deputation to Hydra for the purpose of securing some ships, as they expect an attack from the Ottoman fleet, which was granted to them. The Ottoman fleet have partly come out from Constantinople. A squadron of Algerines are daily expected at the Archipelago. Great preparations are making against the Greeks by the Turks, to enter Morea at all points. The Greeks were also making preparations to meet them.

A splendidly embellished work, in three volumes, under the title of "The Life, Writings, Opinions and Times of the right honorable Lord Byron," dedicated to Mr. Canning, was to issue from London press about the 20th of May.

The Catholic relief bill, having passed the Commons, was carried up to the British House of Lords on the 11th. Upon the motion of the Earl of Donoughmore, it was read the first time, and ordered to be printed with the intention to be read the second time on the following Tuesday.

The Duke of Northumberland, the British ambassador extraordinary to Paris, was received by the king at the palace of the Tuilleries, on the 12th of May, in the most magnificent style.

A Geneva mechanic, M. Taillefer of the Canton de Vaud, (Switzerland) has invented iron arms, hands and legs, in such manner that being formed of so many springs and motions, they perform all the movements of the natural member. This is said to be tested by actual experiment.

There is at present at Stralsund, an extraordinary Elephant, which has been taught to manœuvre a piece of artillery. He brings a 48 pounder up the ramparts, loads it, rams it down, points it, lights the match, and fires the cannon—all in 73 minutes.

A discovery has been made by Dr. Bernhard of Germany, for which he has received a patent; by its means a fluid is obtained from animal substances, which is capable of being formed into boots and shoes, and acquires the most perfect resemblance to leather. A manufactory of this article has already been established near Vienna.

A new work has been published in France, in which the author professes to have discovered a complete and infallible cure for the gout and rheumatism. The remedy consists simply in puncturing the diseased parts with a magnetic needle. It is said to be used in Japan with universal success, from which place the knowledge of its efficacy has been obtained. It is called *Painpuncture*, and in all local diseases or affections it is said to be "the sovereignest thing on earth."

Married, on the 23d April, at the Abbey Church, Bath, England, Mr. Henry Tanton, ninety-five years of age, to Mrs. H. Galton, aged forty-seven. The bridegroom lived with his former wife 74 years, by whom he had seven children, the youngest of whom is 60 years old. This venerable sage, at the age of 95, wrote a book called "The Bible Traveller," now in circulation.

"Oh! what a table richly spread,
Without a woman at the head!"

JUVENILE SATIRIST.

George Pope, a boy about ten years of age, was charged at Guildhall with assaulting one Develin, the street keeper of the Liberty of Bartholomew the Great.

It appeared that lately two boys' schools had been set up within the Close, and situated next door to each other, the one kept by Mr. Savage, and the other by Mr. Hill. The uproar that they created when leaving school had been so annoying, that Develin, the street keeper, was appointed to preserve order.—On Friday afternoon, the boys from Mr. Savage's school came out armed with sticks, to attack those of Mr. Hill's. Develin dispersed the crowd, but they re-assembled, and led on by young Pope, an affray ensued, in which Develin got kicked on the shins.

It however appeared on the cross-examination of Develin, that he had seized young Pope and had committed a breach of the peace, that he had no stick, and that his clothes were torn by the officer.

Mr. Savage, the schoolmaster, said the appointment of the street keeper had originated entirely out of the ill will of a Mr. Pym, a resident in the Close. He had some remarkably clever boys in his school, and there was one in particular who was extremely fond of Martial, and one of the epigram writing, and a little sally of his playing on the very peculiar name of the officer, (Develin) which, if it failed to excite admiration of the child's genius, ought to have been passed by with a laugh, had, on the contrary, created a most malicious feeling against the whole school, and the street keeper had pretty clearly evinced malice in the partial and savage manner in which he exercised his office. Mr. Savage then read one of the epigrams, which ran thus—

"The Close of Barthelm's well known,
A paradise to revel in,
The saints from thence drove out the boys,
And then they left the Devil in."

Another ran thus—

"P. Y. M. be thy M. P.
Then Pym is Imp—his clear to see;
Now it is odd, in times so evil,
That a d—d Imp should raise the Devil."

Mr. Savage said he was not aware of the boys bringing sticks with them to school, except on one occasion, when he broke them, and if any complaint had been made to him he should have chastised the offender, and prevented disorderly conduct.

Mr. Alderman Cox said Develin had not brought a proper object before him for punishment, and dismissed the complaint.

WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

The law to prevent Dogs from running at large in the streets of this city, went into operation on Monday last.

Gen. La Fayette has set out on a visit to the states of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and will proceed down the North River to New York, thence to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and the seats of the three Virginia ex-presidents, so as to embark on the 15th August.

The Brandywine frigate, which was launched at Washington, last week, was commenced on the 20th of September, 1821, but has not been constantly worked at; she is intended, we learn, to be fitted for immediate service, with the greatest despatch, to convey La Fayette back to France.

There is in the Philadelphia Library a manuscript Bible elegantly written in the Latin tongue, in the year 1016.

Benjamin Smith has been appointed cashier of the Bank of Southwark, in the place of J. S. Kerrett, declined.

Extraordinary Dispatch.—A load of Merchandise sent from this city for Cincinnati, Ohio, was loaded here in a waggon, on the 19th of May, and arrived on the morning of the 7th June, at its place of destination, via Pittsburgh, a distance of near 800 miles.

The Constitution Steam Boat, recently built, to run between Albany and New-York, started on Monday evening for the former place, and had arrived at Poughkeepsie, and was landing her passengers, when the flue of one of the boilers burst, and killed two black persons (male and female) belonging to the boat.

It is expected, that Governor Shulze will arrive in this city, this morning, to attend as witness before a court martial.

Madame Juubide, widow of the late Emperor of Mexico, arrived on Wednesday night, at the Mansion house, in this city, with part of her family.

We have, says the Philadelphia Gazette, a letter from a passenger on board the Algonquin, dated, in the Channel, May 17th. On that day, Mr. Carey, wife, and sister, Dr. Keener, Mr. Plaskett, Mr. Jennish, and Mr. Schlatter, landed at Cork, in hopes of reaching Liverpool in anticipation of the ship.

On Saturday night last, two trunks were stolen from behind the mail coach while on the road from Trenton to Philadelphia. The trunks have not yet been recovered, but a person has been apprehended in this city with a part of the contents of the trunks in his possession, which he alleges had been given to him. On examination he was committed.

The Journeymen cabinet makers of this city have turned out for higher wages. As many as three hundred workmen are now out of employ, and the employers are unable to obtain in hands to manufacture. They are paying \$8 per week, and the journeymen can make from \$12 to \$14, in working by the piece—they demand 25 per cent in addition to their present wages.

Caricatures papers to the 25th May, furnish no news. Colonel Peshomo an officer of merit, had been executed for the murder of a citizen.

There was a general turn out for higher wages among the sailors at New Orleans, on the 19th ult.

The Baptist Missionary Society of Virginia have recommended the objects of the Colonization Society to the patronage of the Churches; and the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church of the state of New York have also recommended that collections be taken up for this Institution on the fourth of July, or Sunday following.

The Governor of the state of New York, as Commander in Chief of the militia, has requested the officers of the militia to wear cap on their left arms for the space of thirty days, in testimony of respect for the memory of Daniel D. Tompkins, former Commander in Chief, and late Vice President of the United States.

The Baltimore American, in reference to a report that Professor Patterson, of the Maryland University, would not return from Scotland, states that the Professor's health is nearly established, and from a letter recently received from him, no doubt can be entertained but that he will be ready to attend the lectures in October.

The Board of Health of Savannah, (Geo.) in their report state, that city was never more healthy than it was on the 8th instant.

The U. S. ship North Carolina, 74, Commodore Rodgers, arrived at Gibraltar on the 30th of April, from Norfolk.

The Commissioners of the New York Canal Fund have advertised for the loan of two hundred and seventy thousand dollars.—Proposals are to be made on the 15th of July. Judge Geddes, who was employed by the Canal Commissioners to survey the route from Syracuse to the Susquehanna, (one of the seventeen named in the late act,) has completed the survey, and finds it impracticable to construct a canal between those places, in consequence of a want of water to supply the summit level, which is estimated at 700 feet above the Onondaga Lake.

Mr. David Ayres, of Ithaca, in New York, has employed about 60 persons from 8 to 60 years of age, in the manufacture of American imitation English bonnets, from native grass; and it is said they are equal to the imported, and sold 25 cents cheaper.

Columbia, (South America), containing a population of four millions, publishes 18 newspapers; has formed forty schools on the plan of Bell and Lancaster, during the past year; has established ten colleges and three universities, where every branch of knowledge, except political economy and the mechanic arts, is taught; and the library of Bogota consists of 14,000 volumes.

Twenty six boats passed the Schuylkill Navigation Canal opposite Pottstown, from the 27th of May, to June 13th.

Mr. James Fryer, an ingenious and industrious mechanic of Petersburg, Va. has applied the percussion principle, in the discharge of fire arms, to heavy cannon.

At a circuit court, held last week, in the village of Johnston, New York, Judge Griswold presiding, William, a colored boy, only fifteen years of age, was tried for arson, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed on the second Friday in August.

On the 9th of April, the Sovereign Congress decreed that the title of Marquis, Count, Knight, and all other Noble appellations, should be forever abolished throughout the Mexican Confederation.

A young man had his leg broken at Bangor, Me. a few days since, by an elephant. It went to see a "Caravan of Animals," and began to sport freely with the Elephant, which caught him by the arm with his trunk and drew him upon his tusks, and then by striking him on the ground, broke both the bones of one of his legs.

Mr. Job Reed, of Burlington, Vermont, drowned himself in the lake, near that place, a few days since. He effected his purpose by tying a large stone to his wrist with his pocket handkerchief, and jumping into the water.

President Bolivar, in a late message to the Congress of Peru, announced that he had accredited William Tudor, Esq. as Consul General from the United States. He added that he had no doubt England would acknowledge the independence of Peru, and hopes that France will follow her example.

The Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, Minister from the United States to Mexico, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 3d of May.

The net profit arising to the State of New Hampshire, from the State Prison, from June 1824, to June 1825, was \$5,340 57.

The bank of Cheshire, at Keene, New Hampshire, was recently broken open, and small quantity of money taken from the vaults. Suspicion fell upon two strangers who had been seen in the town—they were pursued and overtaken, and a part of the money was found upon them.

On the 9th inst. the thermometer at Quebec was up to 91. On the 10th, it reached, in shade, 95: the same instrument placed in the sun stood at 125. At Niagara, on the same day, the thermometer was up to 90.

The large ship recently built at Quebec was to have been launched on the 16th inst. On the 14th, there was a great want of seamens, and many vessels were detained in consequence.

Governor Clinton has communicated to the Canal Commissioners of the State of Ohio, his acceptance of their invitation to him to be present when they break ground, in the commencement of the Canal on the 4th of July next.

On Thursday evening, the 9th inst. the gates at the foot of the Black Rock Harbor were opened, and Lake Erie, for the first time, commenced feeding the western extremity of the Erie Canal.

A Savannah paper of the 10th instant, contains a notice of an interruption to the survey of the Indian Land, but the time at which it should have occurred was left discretionary with the Governor.

The Court of Oyer and Terminer for the city of New-York, commenced its session on Monday last. Seven of the eight persons indicted for the murder of David R. Landrum, Esq. were arraigned, and pleaded not guilty. Rae, the eighth, it is understood will be admitted a witness on the part of the State.

The juice of the vegetable lettuce has recently been extensively introduced into medical practice as a substitute for opium.

Mr. G. W. Watkins, who carried out, in the Spring, letters from the Governor to Mr. R. Rush, has returned with despatches from Mr. R. for the Secretary of State. Mr. Rush was to embark at Liverpool, on the 5th of this month, for the United States.

The brig Hesper left Algiers on the 1st of May for New York, having on board P. Murat, as passenger, who had been released by the Spanish Government.

Colonel Ricardo Bermudez, of the Colombian service, late aid to the Liberator of Colombia, and brother to the distinguished patriot General of the same name, has arrived at Norfolk.

On Saturday morning last, as Mr. Samuel Martin was engaged in digging clay in the side of a bank for making brick at Woodbridge Neck, New Jersey, the bank caved, and injured him so much, that he expired about an hour afterwards.

On the first of May, forty persons, engaged in a squirrel hunt at Sumnerfield, N. C. produced 5570 scalps in three days sport.

It is stated in the Baltimore papers that several mad dogs have been seen in the streets of that city, and that a young lady, fourteen years old, has been bitten by one.

During a thunder storm, at Saybrook (Conn.) on the 12th inst. two dwellings were struck by lightning, a barn was also consumed in each of the towns of Enfield and Hadfield. In Granby, a number of cattle which had taken shelter under a tree, were killed.

An incendiary lately set fire to the wood of Stewart and Lyon, ironmasters, at Huntington, N. J. and consumed 27,000 cu ft of it.

President Adams, in consequence of his necessary distance from the scene, declined the invitation to witness the celebration of the Banker Hill Monument Association on Friday last. The Secretary of War attended it.

The city inspector of New-York reports the death of 103 persons during the week ending on Saturday last. Seven died by interment, and two by drinking cold water.

The Secretary of War visited the forts on the islands in the harbor of Boston on Saturday last. A man is stated to have been killed by Fort Independence, while the salute was being fired by the accidental discharge of a cannon, while he was running down the charge.

A delapidated building, at East Boston, London, is now on a visit to America, and is lately in Canada; where we find in acts of benevolence the usual evidence of his presence. At Montreal he gave 200 dollars to the Hospital, 100 dollars to the Parish Church, and 100 to the Pre-byterian Church.

The people of Milton, Penn. experienced pretty severe hail-storm on Sunday week, which, beside demolishing some glass in houses, broke upwards of two hundred ills in the brick meeting-house. The grain, in understand, has been somewhat injured by the night of cold.

A flock of Saxony sheep will be disposed by auction, at Boston, on the 14th of July.

A correspondent of Peulson's American Daily Advertiser, states, that "There are in the American Presbyterian Church, 13,830 nodes, 82 Presbyteries, 1021 Ministers, 173 Centenists, 1893 Candidates, 1639 Congregationalists, 8666 Communicants, added last year in 761 Congregations, the rest did not report. There were in 439 Congregations, 1709 baptised, and in 1818, 9370 infants."

The Millidgeville (Ga.) Journal, of the 10th inst. has the following Postscript.

We understand that hostile intentions have been manifested by the Indians opposite the counties of Dooley and Early. Considerable alarm prevails among the white inhabitants. They had collected together and were about building a fort in Early county. Despatches were received by the Governor yesterday by express. They were laid before the Legislature immediately, and referred to a committee on the state of the Republic. A report from the committee was expected to be before the Legislature at 5 o'clock.

A truly unfortunate occurrence took place in Indiana, on the 27th ult. The following are the circumstances. Seven citizens of Fayette county, turned out to mob a man, Bradburn, broke open the door of his dwelling, and attempted to take him out of his house, when, to the surprise of the mob, he appeared with impetuosity on the floor, seized a scotting knife, and made several effective passes at his assailants, one of whom was stabbed to the heart and expired immediately. A second had since died; a third supposed to have received a mortal wound, and the fourth was slightly wounded, all with the same instrument: four were all that entered the house. Bradburn is now in custody—what is done with the surviving midnight assassins, we have not heard. This ought to be a sufficient caution to those persons who are disposed to arrest, from the hands of proper officers, the reins of justice.

Three men arrived on Tuesday inst. in the Steam Boat, from New-York; one of them feloniously took from one of the officers the trunk of his fellow passenger, valued at fifty dollars value. The thief was arrested and taken before an Alderman, by whom he was committed to prison for trial at the Mayor's Court, now in session. The trunk and the contents were recovered.

The Code of Civil Law, prepared for the State of Louisiana, by Mr. Edward Livingston, having been placed in the hands of all the magistrates and other officers of the courts, was publicly and formally promulgated on the 20th of May, to go into effect in one month from that date, and according to it became the law of the State on May last, the 20th instant.

